Spick-O-Rama

-Rustle me up another Scotch and Soda, Double!

-You got time?

-What does C-SPAN say?

-Preacher on now.

-Black or white?

-Black.

-Good! More wool-gathering.

-You're making me nervous! When do you really hafta be there?

-After Spick-O-Rama.

-Whaaa?

-Bunch of Josés and Pablos have stopped bullets in Iraq. Spick legislators will play violin solos and make us feel guilty about illegal immigration. Anyway, with the last Hispanic sob I flee. My driver out there?

-Yeah. Little squat brown guy.

-Guatemalan.

-Illegal?

-Naturally.